

Cutting Down Menus.

CUT down your menus to two or three foods served at one meal, and thrive on the change. Let dinner consist of any three of the following: Meat, potato, vegetable, salad, or a simple dessert. Try baked potatoes and codfish warmed in a real cream gravy. In spite of the cream it is less expensive than meat, nourishing and delicious.

Only in Solitude Can a Man Find and Commune With Himself



Magazine Page



This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the flight of James I. from London in 1688. The Stuart King threw the Great Seal into the Thames and never saw his capital again. His perverse insistence in championing the Catholic faith cost him his crown and he ended his days in exile.

THE HEARTBREAKER By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

Honora Starts Out With Arthur Bruce After Learning That Mildred Has Slipped Away With Tom Chandler.

CHAPTER XIX.

Copyright, 1918, Star Company.
FOR a moment after the car disappeared, Honora Brent stood motionless, then she went slowly downstairs. Things had happened so swiftly that at first she could scarcely grasp their significance. But all at once she appreciated with a spasm of fear and indignation that Mildred had laid her plans carefully and that she, her sister, had been duped.

The indiscreet girl was never intended to go with the Bruces, in spite of her pretended acceptance of their invitation as delivered by Honora. It was to get ready for the automobile ride with Chandler that she had hastened upstairs upon her arrival from the office to don a becoming costume and to dress her hair in a new fashion.

She had lied glibly and convincingly during dinner. She had maneuvered cleverly to get Honora out of the way when the auto horn sounded the signal for which she waited.

These reflections flushed Honora's cheeks with anger. Then her wrath ebbed when she began, as was her habit, to make excuses for her "little sister."

Mildred was only a child after all, high-spirited and reckless. But she had gone out alone with Tom Chandler—the man whose name had acquired an unpleasant notoriety in Fairlands. Some one might recognize Mildred driving alone with "wild Tom Chandler." This was what frightened Honora.

For a second she hesitated. Then she made a decision. She would call up the Chandler home and ask for Tom. She would not give her name, but would ascertain if any one knew where he had gone. If his parents knew it would be a crumb of comfort to her.

Not at home.
She took the receiver from its hook and a moment later, had the number for which she asked.

"Is Mr. Thomas Chandler there?" she queried, pitching her voice higher than usual in an attempt to disguise it.

"No," came the answer, and she recognized the speaker of Tom's father. "Is there any message I can give him?"

"Why, no—I—I—that is—I— I was dazed where I could get in touch with him this evening," the girl faltered.

"He remarked at dinner that he was going to stop at the Brents' house," Dr. Chandler answered, "and was then going to drive with one of the girls—I mean young ladies, I believe. With whom I am talking?"

But Honora hung up the receiver without answering. She felt somewhat reassured because Tom had not concealed his plans from his own people. Surely he meant well, or he would have maintained silence with regard to his outline. There was a vague yet not entirely satisfactory consolation in this thought.

Footsteps sounded on the porch, and Honora ran to the door. In her mind was the faint hope that Mildred had perhaps been teasing her and was already back.

But it was Arthur Bruce who stood, hat in hand, waiting for her.

"All ready?" he asked cheerfully. "Mother is outside in the car. She says to take plenty of wraps, as the nights are cool. But she always says that any way, at all times of the year."

His manner was gay and the girl felt a pang of pity as he asked— "Where is Mildred?—I mean Mildred is she getting ready?"

"Why, no—she—she can't go," Honora said, coloring under the man's surprised gaze.

"Oh, that's all right," Mrs. Bruce's cheerfulness was not diminished by the three short words were fraught with a disappointment that the speaker strove valiantly to conceal.

Suddenly Honora came to a strange determination. She would if the older woman noticed the girl's confusion, she gave sign. Arthur's mother was an indefatigable conversationalist and Honora was content to let her talk while the car rolled rapidly over the smooth roads leading from Fairlands to the suburb of Wildwood.

When they reached the rambling house in which Mrs. Bruce's lilac coat was draped, Arthur helped his mother to alight.

"Won't you come in and wait?" see this thing through, even if she must sacrifice the truth in order to do it. Pity for Arthur and a desire to protect her sister's name drove her on.

"She promised a friend at the office to go to a moving picture show," she said awkwardly. "She was sorry to miss the ride with me."

For a second she hesitated. Then she made a decision. She would call up the Chandler home and ask for Tom. She would not give her name, but would ascertain if any one knew where he had gone. If his parents knew it would be a crumb of comfort to her.

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And Now the New High Collar



Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

An attractive and smart fur set, one of the many pictured in Good Housekeeping for December.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRIX FAIRFAX.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
I am a girl of twenty and considered good looking. I have a fine position as a stenographer. My employer is unmarried and about forty. Lately he has begun to make me little presents. I shouldn't think anything of it, but I know he likes me. What shall I do? I don't want him to think I'm old-fashioned.
L. P. G.

It is quite true that you must be on your guard in a case like this. I suppose you understand that you must not accept presents of any kind from any other man to whom you value either your employer or are not engaged. Let it pass as a gift of merely trifling value. It is probably not worth while to take a stand in regard to them. Encourage him indirectly, instead, in such a way that neither of you will become self-conscious. A girl is of course at liberty to accept presents of flowers and candy.

She Loves a Soldier.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
A gentleman I know very well has asked me to marry him, telling me how much he loves me. I told him to wait for an answer. He is very kind to me, but I do not love him, for my love is in far-off France. This soldier I love very much, but he never told me that he would make me know he loved me. Still, when I said goodbye to him he said, "Remember, I will be home in a few days as I leave you when I come back." I did not get his meaning. Do you think I'd better wait for him to return and see how things turn out, and tell the other boy I have no love for him? MAY.

You will make a serious mistake if you become engaged to your present lover while you are so deeply interested in the soldier. Even if the soldier is not in love with you, you must recover from that attachment before you can promise to love anyone else. Why not tell the man who is now waiting for your answer that your heart is not free?

A Dangerous Proximity.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
I am eighteen and deeply in love with a married man, and furthermore, he pays very much attention to my company. So I ask you to please let me know in what way I could forget him, for we work together.
HEARTBROKEN.

I understand how difficult this is for you. But it is surely most inadvisable for you to continue seeing this man every day, whatever your good resolution as to forgetting him. So my advice is that you find work somewhere else as soon as possible. Don't you see that this is the only effective way of getting him out of your mind and heart?

Puss in Boots

By David Cory.

NOW let me see. We left little Puss Junior in the last story in the wicker lord's castle, and Puss had just come out of his room to ask the little bird in the cage how he could rescue the captive maiden. "Sh-sh-h-h!" said the little bird, "don't make any noise." So Puss kept very, very still.

"Open the door of my cage," whispered the little bird. "And don't be afraid of Puss, although most birds are afraid of cats, you know."

"Now follow me," said the little bird, and he led Puss by a winding path of stairs and then he stopped, for they were just under the turret roof, you see.

"Now the key of the room hangs on the wall," she said, and she showed Puss the key. "I will fly around to the window of the maiden's room and tap on the bars. And when she asks me what I wish, I will tell her that you have the key and will open the door if she will promise not to make a noise."

Then Puss took down the key and the little bird flew out the lovely window and he went up the winding path of stairs and then he stopped, for they were just under the turret roof, you see.

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The Cub-Footed Man

A NEW SPY SERIAL BY VALENTINE WILLIAMS
Desmond Rifles Pockets of Man Who Dropped Dead Just Outside His Door.

Destiny knocks at the door. Then I thought of the man next door, his painful breathlessness, his bluish lips, when I found him wrestling with his key, and I guessed who was my nocturnal visitor lying prone in the dark at my feet.

Shielding the candle with my hand I rekindled it. Then I grappled with the flapping curtains and got the windows shut. Then only did I raise my candle until its beams shone down upon the silent figure lying across the threshold of the room.

It was the man from No. 33. He was quite dead. His face was livid and distorted, his eyes glassy between the half-closed lids, while his fingers, still stiffly clutching, showed paint and varnish and dust beneath the nails where he had pawed door and carpet in his death agony.

One did not need to be a doctor to see that a heart attack had swiftly and suddenly struck him down. Now that I knew the worst I acted with decision. I dragged the body by the shoulders into the room until it lay in the center of the carpet. Then I locked the door.

The foreboding of evil that had cast its black shadow over my thoughts from the moment I crossed the threshold of this sinister hotel came over me as strongly again. In deed, my position was to say the least, scarcely enviable. Here was I, a British officer with British papers of identity, about to be discovered in a German hotel, into which I had introduced myself under false pretenses, at dead of night along with the corpse of a German or Austrian (for such the dead man apparently was).

It was undoubtedly a most awkward fix.

I listened. Everything in the hotel was silent as the grave.

I turned from my gloomy forebodings to look again at the stranger. In his crisp black hair and slightly protruding chin, bones I traced again the hint of Jewish ancestry I had remarked before. Now that the man's eyes—his big, thoughtful eyes that had stared me out of the darkness of the corridor—were closed, he looked far less foreign than before: in fact he might almost have passed as an Englishman.

He was a young man—about my own age, I judged—(I shall be twenty-eight next birthday) and about my own height, which is five feet ten inches. There was something about his appearance and build that struck a chord very faintly in my memory.

Had I seen the fellow before? I remembered now that I had noticed something oddly familiar about him when I first saw him for that brief moment in the corridor.

I looked down at him again as he lay on his back on the faded carpet. I brought the candle down closer and scanned his features.

There certainly was something foreign than he did before. He might not be a German after all, more likely a Hungarian or a Pole, perhaps even a Dutchman. He had been too flustered for a Frenchman—for a Hungarian, either, for that matter.

I leaned back on my knees to ease my cramped position. As I did so I caught a glimpse of the stranger's three-quarters face.

Why? He reminded me of Francis a little!

There certainly was a suggestion of my brother in the man's appearance. Was it the thick black hair, the small dark mustache? Was it the well-chiseled mouth? It was rather a hint of Francis than a resemblance to him.

The stranger was fully dressed. The jacket of his blue serge suit had fallen open and I saw a portfolio in the inner breast pocket. Here, I thought, might be a clue to the dead man's identity. I fished out the portfolio, then rapidly ran my fingers over the stranger's other pockets.

I left the portfolio to the last. The jacket pockets contained nothing else except a white handkerchief unmarked. In the right-hand top pocket of the waistcoat was a neat silver cigarette case, perfectly plain, containing half a dozen cigarettes. I took one out and looked at it. It was a Melania, a cigarette I happen to know for they took them at one of my clubs, the Pionys, and it chances to be the only place in London where you can get the brand.

It looked as if my unknown friend had come from London.

There was also a plain silver watch of Swiss make.

In the trousers pocket was some change, a little English silver and

Ignorance Is Bliss.

One day a farmer went to the nearest market town to buy a bushel of seed wheat. As the salesman was away, his wife was serving, and, taking up the peck measure, she filled it twice, poured the contents into a bag, and began to tie it up. "But, Mrs. Lawton," said the farmer, "it takes four pecks to make a bushel." "Oh, does it?" replied the woman, untie the bag. "Well, you see, I had my experience in measuring grain before I was married—I was a school teacher."

"Yes," said the American, recounting his battle adventures, "I was an admiring listener, standing open-mouthed before him. A 'boche' shell came along and hit me in the neck."

"And you are alive now?" gasped the listener.

"Yes," replied the American. You see, stranger, the shell was made in Germany, but my little old collar stud was made in the U. S. A. And I guess the squib subsided. It was some stud!"

A Matter of Make.
"Yes," said the American, recounting his battle adventures, "I was an admiring listener, standing open-mouthed before him. A 'boche' shell came along and hit me in the neck."

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"Yes," replied the American. You see, stranger, the shell was made in Germany, but my little old collar stud was made in the U. S. A. And I guess the squib subsided. It was some stud!"

coppers, some Dutch silver and paper money. In the right-hand trouser pocket was a bunch of keys. That was all.

I put the different articles on the floor beside me. Then I got up, put the candle on the table, drew the chair up to it and opened the portfolio.

In a little pocket of the inner flap were traveling cards. Some were simply engraved with the name in small letters:

Dr. Semlin
Others were more detailed:
Dr. Semlin,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
The Halcyon Mfg. Coy., Ltd.

There were also half a dozen private cards:
Dr. Semlin,
333 E. 73d St.,
Rivington Park House.

In the pocket of cards was a solitary one, larger than the rest, an expensive affair on the thick highly glazed millboard, bearing in gothic characters the name:

OTTO VON STEINHARDT

On this card was written in pencil, above the name:
"Hotel Sixt, Vos in 'Tuintje," and in brackets, thus: "Mme. Anna Schmitt."

In another pocket of the portfolio was an American passport surmounted by a flaming eagle and sealed with a vast red seal, sending greetings to all and sundry on behalf of Henry Semlin, a United States citizen, traveling to Europe.

Details in the body of the document set forth that Henry Semlin was born at Brooklyn on 21st March, 1886, that his hair was black, nose aquiline, chin firm, and that of special marks he had none. The description was good enough to show me that it was undoubtedly the body of Henry Semlin that lay at my feet.

The passport had been issued at Washington three months earlier. The only visa it bore was that of the American embassy in London, dated two days previously. With it was a British permit, issued to Henry Semlin, manufacturer, granting him the right to enter the United Kingdom for the purpose of traveling to Rotterdam, further a bill for luncheon served on board the Dutch Royal Mail steamer Koninklijke Regent on yesterday.

In the long and anguished weeks that followed on that anxious night in the Hotel of the Vos in 'Tuintje, I have often wondered to what manly impulses, to what insane impulse, I owed the idea that suddenly germinated in my brain as I sat fingering the dead man's letter-case in that second room. The impulse sprang into my brain like a flash and like a flash I acted on it. Though I can hardly believe I meant to pursue to its logical conclusion, I stood once more outside the door of my room.

The examination of the dead man's papers had shown me that he was an American business man, who had just come from London, having but recently proceeded to England from the United States.

What puzzled me was why an American manufacturer, seemingly of some substance and decently dressed, should go to a German hotel on the recommendation of a German, from his name, and the style of his visiting card, a man of good family.

Semlin might, of course, have been, like myself, a traveler benighted in Rotterdam, owing his recommendation to the hotel to a German acquaintance in the city. Still, Americans are cautious folks and I found it rather improbable that this American business man should adventure himself into this evil-looking house with a large sum of money on his person—he had several hundred pounds of money in Dutch currency notes in a thick wallet in his portfolio.

I knew that the British authorities discouraged, as far as they could, neutral traveling between Germany and England in war-time. Possibly Semlin wanted to do business in Germany on his European trip as well as in England. Knowing the attitude of the British authorities he may well have made his arrangements in Holland for getting into Germany lest the British police should get wind of his purpose and stop him crossing to Rotterdam.

But his German was so flawless, with no trace of Americanism in voice or accent. And I knew what good use the German Intelligence had made of neutral passports in the past. Therefore I determined to go next door and have a look at Dr. Semlin's luggage. In the back of my mind was ever that harebrained resolve, half-formed as yet but none the less firmly rooted in my head.

Taking up my candle again, I stole out of the room. As I stood in the corridor and turned to look the bedroom door behind me, the mirror at the end of the passage caught the reflection of my candle.

I looked and saw myself in the glass, a white, staring face. I looked again. Then I fathomed the riddle that had puzzled me in the dead face of the stranger in my room.

It was not the face of Francis that his features suggested.

It was mine.

The next moment I found myself in No. 33. I could see no sign of the key of the room. Semlin must have dropped it in his fall, so it behooved me to make haste for fear of any untoward interruption. I had not yet heard eleven strikes on the clock.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)